

CREEPLY  
#139

WARREN  
MAGAZINE  
JULY 1982

# CREEPLY

\$6.00  
VPS 3214



**COLLECTOR'S  
EDITION SPECIAL!  
THE ART OF  
ALEX TOTH!**





# NUMBER 139 JULY 1982

**JAMES WARREN**  
Publisher

**TIMOTHY MORIARTY**  
Editor

**DAVID ALLIKAS**  
Assistant Editor

**W.R. MORRISLEY**  
Art Director

**ROY R. RODRIGUEZ**  
**RICHARD HECHT**  
Art Production

**MICHAEL SCHNEIDER**  
Circulation Director

**LOURDES I. VAZQUEZ**  
Typesetter

Cover  
**RUDY NERDES**

Written  
**GERRY BOURDEAU**  
**BILL DUBAY**  
**ARCHIE GOODWIN**  
**ALEX TOTHI**

Illustrator  
**ALEX TOTHI**

CREEPY NO. 139 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT APRIL AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 145 E. 32ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. (212) 697-7000. POSTMASTER: SEND NO MONEY NOW. RETURN TO: CREEPY, P.O. BOX 139, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. IN THE U.S., CANADA AND BAHAMAS POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDITIONAL POSTAGE. POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1982, 1983, 1984 AND 1985 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS. THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION AND THE PAN-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT CONVENTION. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION. PHOTO CREDITS: GARY G. HENRY (1984), MICHAEL G. HENRY (1985). NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS. BIRTH OF RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNCOLLECTED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN U.S.A. NEW SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE. POSTMASTER, SEND ALL CHANGES OF ADDRESS TO WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 145 E. 32ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.

# CREEPY

THE MAN FOR THE MEMORIES, 1982 — *James Warren*



**CREEPY 4**  
Uncle Creepy has the lowdown on the grave, wrings-on at Warren Publishing, and he won't hesitate to fill you in! A brand-new featured



**THE PIE 5**  
The ghost, blue-skinned alien fell from the skies one night! He was a peaceful, loving being, and yet he brought tragedy with him!



**THE MONUMENT 15**  
Charles Langton Colt had created a dream house...an ultra-modern, ultra-chic, ultra-comfortable palace! He had created a monster!



**GRAVE 23**  
They needed bodies! No grave was too deep, no tomb too dark, no deed too disgusting to evade them from their horrible course!



**AWAKENING 31**  
Have you ever wished that your dreams might come true? Fred Asher always did, until his dreams turned to nightmares!



**SURVIVAL 39**  
It was a stark, brutal, primitive world...a world where wild dogs and men battled for the last scraps of life-giving food!



**PHANTOM 47**  
The young lovers floated blissfully into the tunnel of love! Their embrace was fated to last forever, for death met them in the dark!

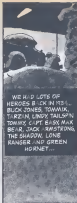


**UNREAL 57**  
He was Lather, the greatest comedian in movie history! He was also quiet, undemanding, and shy! Someth-ing had to be done!

**CONCERNING OUR MAIL, ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing guarantees our merchandise will be replaced if not received in satisfactory condition. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Company, 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.



EVERY KID NEEDS  
A *MERRY*. EVERY KID  
NEEDS SOMEONE HE  
CAN LOOK UP TO...  
PATTERN HIS LIFE  
AFTER...



WE HAD LOTS OF  
HEROES BACK IN 1934...  
BUCK JONES, TOMMIE,  
TARZAN, LINDY TAILSPIN  
TOWNS, CAPT. BASH, MAX  
BEAR, JACK ARMSTRONG,  
THE SHADOW, LONG  
RANGER AND GREEN  
HORNET...



BUT JUST OUTSIDE  
OF STILLWATER,  
MAINE, OFF THE  
BANKS OF THE  
CHILL, PENOBSCOTT,  
I WAS LUCKY  
ENOUGH TO HAVE  
TWO HEROES ALL  
MY OWN...



...TWO OF THE  
BIGGEST,  
BRAVEST  
*LEGENDS*  
EVER TO WALK  
GOD'S GREEN  
EARTH!

# DADDY AND THE PIE

THIS HERE'S THE  
TRUE STORY OF  
MY DADDY...AND  
THE BIG BLUE  
GIANT WHO WE  
CAME TO KNOW  
AS THE PIE!



Author BILL DuRAY/illustrator, ALEX TOTI



WHEN I GOT MY FIRST REAL LOOK AT THE GYANT —

HIS GYANT MACHINE WENT —

BOOM!!!

HE WAS LIKE NO MAN I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE!

AT NO AIR-PLANE EVER LOOKED LIKE TH' MACHINE HE'D JUST CRASHED IN EITHER — AT JUST THEN ...

DAD DIDN'T SAY MUCH, 'CEPTIN' THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE BIG MAN LOOKED LIKE, HE WAS HURT — AND HIS CREATIONS OF GOD, IT WAS OUR DUTY TO HELP HIM — SO WE DROVE HIM HOME WITH US!

NON WAS AS SCARED OF TH' GYANT AS I WAS



BUT SEEING THAT HIS BITE WAS SO BADLY BURIED IN' GYANT FROM TH' EXPOSED PLACES IN HIS TORN TUNIC, I HAD TRIED TO HIS WOUNDS —



GOIN' TH' BEST WE COULD —!



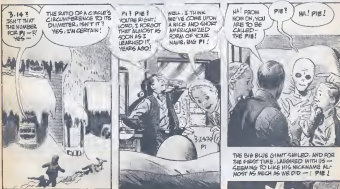
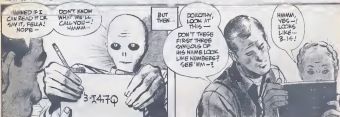
TWO DAYS LATER, THE GYANT, AT LAST, OPENED THEM BLUE EYES OF HIS! AND WHEN HE SMILED UP AT US, SO THEN WAS BORN A LONG, CLOSE FRIENDSHIP THAT WOULD LAST UNTIL THE DAWN!



WHILE OUR GUEST GUEST WAS SEPTIM'AL WELL ASH, DAD DISCUSSED OUR PROBLEMS — NOT ONLY WAS THE STRANGE MAN DIFFERENT-LOOKING THAN US ALL — HIS LANGUAGE WAS DIFFERENT, TOO! ENGLISH WAS TOTALLY USELESS TO US!



HE TRIED TO MAKE IT SIMPLE FOR US — EVEN WROTE DOWN WHAT WE FIGURED HAD TO BE HIS NAME! ANOTHER PROBLEM —



WHEN PEE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO WALK, HE'D LEARNED OUR LANGUAGE'S BASICS, TOO! ENOUGH TO TALK TO US AND UNDERSTAND GADGET, PLEASE SENTENCES.

THE FIRST THING HE LEARNED TO DO WAS TO LISTEN TO THE MACHINE HE HAD COME DOWN IN — BUT THEN HE WAS LEFT LEFT OF IT AFTER THE FALL — JUST A MESS OF TWISTED METAL —! WE WASH AWAY!

THAT'S HOW HE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE CHILD I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY DAYS LATER BY THAT TIME L. ONE NIGHT, PEE TOLD ME THAT HE COULD FEEL SOMETHING AGAIN! ... I WAITED ... SOMETHING HE PROMISED!

S-S-SH  
SCARY, PEE —



PEE BECAME AN ADOPTED MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY! MOM MADE HIM WORK CLOTHES WHILE HE AND DAD STUDIED AND TAUGHT FOR HOURS EVERY NIGHT OVER SOME FLAKY 'BLACK MARKS' AND BOOKS THAT DAD GOT FOR PEE DOWN AT THE TOWN LIBRARY —! DAD TOLD US THAT PEE HAD COME TO US —

... FROM A 'GADGET PLACE IN THE SKY' FROM A STAR HE CALLED 'CASSIOPEIA' —! PEE CALLED IT BY ANOTHER NAME! MOM DAD BUT I COULDN'T PROMISE EITHER ONE! FOR SOME! HE WAS AN EMPLOYEE OF SPACE, AN OBSERVER OF OUR EARTH — HE WANTED TO LAND HERE, BUT HIS CREW FEARED THAT — AND WE FOUND HIM THEN!



PEE TOLD US WONDERFUL STORIES ABOUT HIS WORLD AND ITS SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, STRUCTURES, AND OF POWERFUL SHIPS THAT CARRIED WHOLE CITIES OUT INTO SPACE — BUT NOW HE'D NEVER SEE ANY OF THAT AGAIN! EVERYTHING HE HAD WAS GONE — ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS HIS — 'GADGET' ...!



ONCE PLE SHOWED US HOW HIS 'GADGET' MODDED — THE TIME HUNTERS MISTOOK OLD MR. THATCHER FOR A DEER, AND PUT A BULLET IN HIS LEG —



THE WOUND LOOKED BAD, BUT PLE SAID HE'D FIX IT — AND, THEN, A PUNNY GREEN LIGHT FROM THE 'GADGET' PULLED TH' BULLET RIGHT OUT OF THE LEG — AND CLOSED THE WOUND !!



PLE SAID THE 'GADGET' COULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING — THAT IT AMPLIFIED THOUGHTS — AND MADE THEM A REALITY !



AFTER THAT, WORD ABOUT PLE SPREAD THROUGH TOWN — ' MR. THATCHER TOLD US THAT ROLLS WERE SPOONED UP OVER PLE'S 'MIRACULOUS BULLET-AND HEALING CURE', BUT OLD PLE DENIED IT ALL.' AND HE AND PLE MENT ABOUT THE CACRES, AS USUAL — PLE WAD BUNT RANDY TRICKS FOR BETTER FARMING AND HOW TO MAKE OUR MACHINES RUN MORE EFFICIENTLY !



ONE DAY, WHEN OLD DEERE WENT TO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES, PLE WENT WITH HIM — PLE WANTED TO SEE WHAT A TOWN LOOKED LIKE —





PIE WAS A MAN OF PEACE — BUT NOBODY COULD GET CLOSE TO HIM — UNLESS HE WANTED 'EM TO — LIKE THEN!



DAD TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THE PYZZLED PIE, ABOUT THE JUICE, FEAR AND HATRED — BUT PIE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD —





WHEN DAD  
HAD TO BUY  
SEED AN'  
GRAIN IN  
TOWN, HE  
SHOWED ME  
HOW TO  
WORK THE  
"GADGET"...

— WAKIN' THOUGHTS A REALITY!  
LIKE ALADDIN'S MAGIC LAMP,  
IT HEALED WOUNDS AND CREATED  
THINGS IN THE AIR —!



WE LAUGHED — SOMEDAY, HE  
SAID, I'D TEACH HOW TO USE  
IT CORRECTLY — IF MY MIND  
WAS FILLED WITH THOUGHTS  
OF PEACE AN' LOVE — SO I'D  
BE SURE NOT TO  
DESTROY ANYTHING  
IN AN ANIMATED  
EMOTIONAL STATE!



THEN WE SAW DR. MELBROOK  
TWITCHER MUFFIN MYSTERY  
UP TOWN HOUSE! HE THEN  
KNEW SOMETHIN' MUST'VE  
HAPPENED TO DAD —



HE TOLD HOW TH' MEN IN TOWN HAD  
CORNERED DAD AN' BEAT HIM —  
BECAUSE OF OUR PIE!



HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND — BUT, AS  
TRAPS WELLED UP IN HIS EYES, HE  
SAID HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO!  
HE'D HELP HIS FRIEND — MY DAD —

IF THE USER WASN'T CAREFUL, HIS THOUGHTS COULD DESTROY!



I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT — DADDY WAS LATE COMIN' HOME FROM  
TOWN! WE ALL WORRIED! MOM SAID IT WASN'T LIKE HIM TO BE  
LATE —! WE WAITED, AND WAITED —



HE PUT ON HIS OLD PATCHED-UP FLIGHT SUIT — AND HIS  
"GADGET" — NOW WE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS  
THAT HE MEANT TO DO — AND WE FEARED FOR HIM!



—FEARED THAT HE MIGHT NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN — EVEN TODAY, FOLKS TALK ABOUT —

— NOW HE WALKED INTO TOWN TO FIND DAD AN' TH' MEN WHO HURT HIM!

NO ONE WOULD HELP PIE, OR TELL HIM ANYTHING — HIS RAGE GREW — UNTIL, AS A LAST RESORT, HE BLASTED THE SALOON, DRAG-WOKE, AN' TOWNHALL — ONLY THEN DID THE PEOPLE TELL HIM TH' NAMES OF DAD'S ATTACKERS —



PIE'S RAUWIDE THAT NIGHT NEARLY DESTROYED THE HOME OF EVERY MAN GUILTY OF KIDNAPIN' DAD, WHILE WE WATCHED, LISTENED, WAITED — AND PRAYED THAT BOTH DAD AN' PIE WOULD COME HOME!



IT WAS NEAR SUN-UP WHEN PIE, HURLED THROUGH THE AIR WITH DAD IN HIS ARMS, CAME INTO VIEW — HE LOOKED LIKE THE STRONGEST AN' BRAVEST HERO ANYONE HAD EVER SEEN —



TEARS BURNED AN' EVENS AS NOW, AND I RAN TO PIE AN' DAD — AN' THEN, PIE, AN' I PUSHED PAST TH' LIMITS OF HIS ENDURANCE — FELL!



PIE'S WOUNDS TOLD OF HIS FIERCE FIGHT IN TOWN —



TWO WEEKS LATER, DAD WAS ABLE TO SIT UP IN BED —



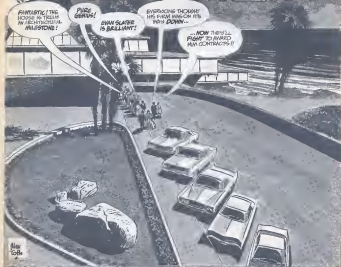
WHERE WAS PIE, HE ASKED — NOW HAD TO TELL HIM NOW HE'D DIED — AN' HOW WE BURIED HIM! WE ALL CRIED THEN — FOR OUR PIE! WHAT'D DID WITH PIE'S GADGET, IN LATER YEARS, IS QUOTE ANOTHER STORY...

END

3:00 A.M.

THE DELIGHTFUL OCEAN VIEW PROVIDES A TRICK AGAINST THE CLIFFS BELOW. AS A GROUP OF LAUGHING, CHATTERING SOCIETY DEFEND HAPPEN FROM THE LARGER LITTO MODERN ARCHITECTS. SCHEDULED FOR THE BOOM-BOOMER PROSECUTION—THAT'S HOW PRINCE AND SON COME TO SWIMMING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR. FOR A DORMA HAS DRIVEN HERE... BUT, IT'S REALLY ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY TALE ABOUT THE MAGICAL PROSECUTOR. I CALL...

# THE MONUMENT



FANTASTIC! THE HOUSE IS TELLING AN ARCHITECTURAL MESSAGE!

PURE GENIUS!

SWAN SLATE IS BRILLIANT!

EVERYONE'S THOUGHT HAS EVEN WHEN IT'S DOWN...

...NOW THEY'LL WANT TO HIRE US CONTRACTORS!

THE TOBY



ONE WEEK EARLIER, THERE WAS A MAN WHO HAD BEEN TO PRINCE AND SWAN SLATE ASSOCIATES! THE DESIGN FIRM WAS IN TROUBLE!

JUNK! THE SWAN RFP WE'VE BEEN PEDDLING FOR YEARS! I WANT IMAGINATION... AND DREAMS !!!

BUT... SWAN... OUR DESIGN COMPANY'S WORKED FOR MONTHS! THIS IS OUR BEST !!!

Author ARCHIE GOODWIN/Illustrator, ALEX TOTH

THAT'S PRECISELY WHY HE'S LOSING BUSINESS! IF CAR BEST JUST HAD GOOD ENOUGH ANSWERS! HE CAN'T SEEM TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING NEW, DIFFERENT !!!

BUT THIS PLAN OF MINE, EVAN... HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY WASTING ONE DIZZYING CAPITAL BY BUILDING A PRIVATE HOME FOR YOU ?!!

CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD? IT'LL BE A SHOWPLACE! OWNS THE FIRM'S! EXHIBITING OUR DESIGN TALENT...

A HUNK OF ARCHITECTURE SO GREAT THAT OUR FIRM'S REPUTATION WILL BE REMADE BY IT!!

GO, KEEP LOOKING FOR THE NEW, THE BOLD DRAWING, BRILLIANT! AND DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN THAT... BECAUSE I WON'T !!



THERE WAS NO BURN SOLUTION... CLARENKE STAYED ON WITH HIS OWN OBSTINATE SEARCH... ANYWHERE... AND EVERYWHERE...

WHAT'S THIS TO WHO DO THESE BELONG TO ?!!

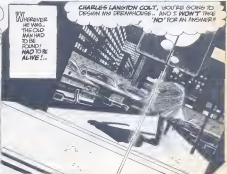
RODGER'S BEEN CLEANING OUT THE OLD PLAN FILES AND STORAGE BINS, EVAN! SOME OF THAT STUFF'S BEEN AROUND FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS! HEARD...



UNBELIEVABLE!! EXACTLY THE TREATMENT... THE PLAN, I WANT! CHARLES LANGSTON COLE?!... I-I REMEMBERED NOW... EVAN HEARD ALSO... AN OLD COOPER WITH THE CUT IDEAS... AND NOBODY WOULD USE HIM!

BY WHEREVER HE WAS... THE OLD MAN HAD TO BE FOUND! HAD TO BE ALIVE!!

CHARLES LANGSTON COLE, YOU'RE GOING TO DESIGN MY DREAMHOUSE... AND I WON'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER!



NO, MR. SLATER!!!

LISTEN TO ME, GOLT! YOU'RE  
DREAMING AWAY IN THIS PLEASANT  
HOTEL ROOM! FASTEN! YOUR  
THOUGHT ON BALSA WOOD MOORE'S  
HOUSE WILL EVER GET! NOW  
CAN YOU -- E

I KNOW A LONG TIME AGO, TO WORK  
ONLY FOR MYSELF! NO ONE ELSE  
APPROPRIATES MY WORK...!!

...MORROW?!

SURE! IT'LL BECOME AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM!  
THE HOME OF CHARLES LANGSTON GOLT...

I'M OLD, SLATER...  
MY HEALTH FALLING  
RAPIDLY... BUT SINCE  
THIS LANDS ITSELF  
TO A PROJECT I'VE  
LONG HAD IN MIND...  
I'LL DO IT!!!

THEN LET IT BE MOWEN! MY FIRM  
WILL PUT UP THE MONEY... BUILD  
IT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT!! TO  
SATISFY YOUR NEEDS!  
A MONUMENT TO  
YOUR GENIUS!!!

...MORROW?!

SO, IT BEGINS...  
A DREAMY OLD  
MAN, FIGHTING  
AGAINST DEATH  
TO COMPLETE  
HIS LIFE-LONG  
DREAM...

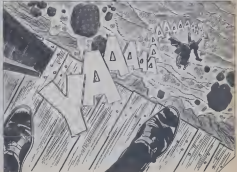
IT'S GOING TO BE  
TWO BIG BUILDINGS...  
BUT IT'S A MONUMENT  
OF A SPOT!

I'VE PLANNED FOR  
EVERYTHING... THE  
HOUSE WILL BE AN  
TOTAL... FULL...  
EVERY NEED!...

ROAD SEND

STOP

ROAD SEND



THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT WAS NOT GIVEN WIDE-SPREAD PUBLICITY... PROMOTION WAS QUITE VOLUNTARILY HANDLED, OF COURSE, BY EVAN SLATER, AND HIS NEW "DREAM HOUSE."

AT THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE WIRING CALL, NO ONE COULD EVEN IMAGINE, IN PASSING, THE NAME CHARLES LANGSTON GOULT—

EVERY NOTABLE IN THE WORLD OF ARCHITECTURE IS HERE TONIGHT —!!

PARADOXIC, NOW, ISN'T IT?

I'M HERE, SURE, ANSWERING AS USUAL —

AFTER TONIGHT, THERE'S CALLS IN THE DESIGN WORLD — EVAN SLATER !!!

THE CALL ENDED ALMOST TOO SOON FOR ONE YEAR'S ELATED MR. SLATER.

WHAT A BRAWL! THE FIRM'LL BE SWAMPED WITH COMMISSIONS FROM NOW ON. THEY LOVED THE HOUSE... !!!

...AND WHY NOT? GOULT THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! AUTOMATIC LIGHTS, DOORS, CLIMATE CONTROLS — THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE !!!

BEDROOM DOORS HISSED SHUT BEHIND HIM WITH A CLANK!

SOUNDPROOF BEDROOM. OCEAN VIEW. CHARLES LANGSTON GOULT DIDN'T OMIT A THING!...

GREAT NIGHT! I'VE BURNED A LONG FIRM!

GLUTTER IS DEAD! HAD BARBARA TOUCHED THE PILLLOW WHEN A WAVE OF SOUND ACTIVATED CONTROLS WAS HEARD... AND...

WHAT?!!

CLICK! GGGGGGGG CHARLES LANGSTON COUL BREAKING- THIS IS A RECORDING!..

WELL FRANKS OPENED BEHIND GLUTTER- ODD, ALMOST SINGER MAGNERS, NOW SET WITH NO MORE, WAS REVEALED

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP GET ME LOOKS!

GLUTTER! IT IS PROGRAMMED FOR NON-STOP RE-PLAYING UNTIL I AM FOUND, AND THIS RECORDER IS SHUT OFF!..

...THE COMPLETION OF THIS HOUSE MARKS THE CULMINATION OF ALL MY DREAMS... I'VE NO DESIRE TO OUTLINE IT... AND, THIS...

HE BOOS! COUL BUILT IN HIS OWN EMBALMING MACHINE!!

FROM EACH SIDE OF THE BODY TWO MERRY NAGAL KNIVES" GRAB (AND) PULL- MOVING UP AND THEN TOWARD SURPRISING CAPTIVE FORM

JUST WHERE EACH BURIAL GLUTTER FEEL THE SODOR, SHARP PIERCE OF NEEDLES!

...THE CHARLES LANGSTON COUL HOUSE STANDS AS A MONUMENT TO MY CREATIVE TALENTS! I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING STRUCTURE TO HOUSE MY REMAINS- AND SERVE AS MY TOMB... CLICK! GGGGGG...

AAAAARRRRRGH  
NOBODY

EVEN GLUTTER FEEL BIG, HELP-BIGGLY, AS HIS LIFE'S BLOOD DRAINED SLOWLY FROM HIS BODY...

THE ROOM SPIN WILDLY ABOUT HIM, AS HIS FIRST DIMINISHING CONSCIOUSNESS (ABSORBED COULS LAST WORDS...

SHHH PUM  
SHHH PUM  
SHHH PUM

BUILDING SCOT'S HODGE WAS A BIG DRAIN ON EVAN GLUTTER, TO BE SURE- BUT HE'S GOT AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF TIME TO REST UP

NOW, IF YOU'RE TOO SHOCK-UP TO REST, TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT W/L CHALLENGE. I'VE CONSTRUCTED FOR YOU!



END

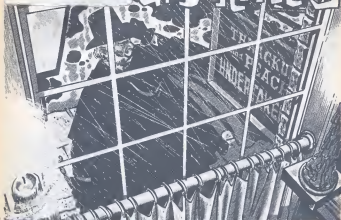




Come now  
to Merry  
Olde England  
lvs the year  
1820. The  
medical  
profession is  
making great  
strides forward.

In fact, it is about to overtake  
two gentlemen involved in a...

# GRAVE UNDERTAKING



BUSINESS COULDN'T  
BE WORSE, MR. PEACH!  
NOTHING BUT BILLS!

IT'S THE COMPETITION,  
MR. THWACKUM! TWO  
UNDERTAKING  
ESTABLISHMENTS  
AND HARDLY  
DEATHS ENOUGH  
FOR ONE!


TODAY THEY  
BURIED RICH  
WIDOW BOGGS!  
SUCH A FINE  
SERVICE... SUCH  
A SPLENDID  
CASKET... SUCH  
A HANDSOME  
**PROFIT!!**

UNJUST,  
MR. PEACH!  
THEY GET  
ALL THE  
BUSINESS  
WHILE WE  
STRUGGLE  
TO  
SURVIVE!

**A-HEM!**



GENTLEMEN! I AM  
DR. RYDER, CHIEF  
OF SURGERY AT  
THE MEDICAL  
SCHOOL... I'VE A  
PROPOSITION  
THAT MAY HELP  
YOU AS WELL  
AS ME!



THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IS IN DIRE AND CON-  
STANT NEED FOR CADAVERS IN OUR RESEARCH  
.. WE'RE PREPARED  
TO PAY HANDSOMELY  
FOR ANY SPECIMENS  
YOU MAY  
PROVIDE!

HOW CAN WE PRO-  
VIDE YOU? THERE  
AIN'T BUSINESS TO  
PROVIDE  
US!



IN YOUR TRADE, PERHAPS  
~~SOMETHING~~ WILL COME  
TO YOU... MY OFFER  
STANDS FOR ANY TRADE  
YOU MIGHT DIG UP!  
GOOD NIGHT,  
GENTLEMEN!

GOOD  
NIGHT,  
SIR!

THIS IS OUR BIG  
OPPORTUNITY,  
MR. PEACH? HE'S  
GIVEN ME AN IDEA!



WHAT'S THE GOOD,  
MR. THRACKUM? WE  
HAVEN'T A BODY TO  
BURY! LET ALONE  
SELL!

AYE, MR. PEACH,  
WE'VE NONE.. BUT  
I'M THINKING  
OF A SPOT THAT'S  
WELL STOCKED  
FOR THIS NEW  
SIDELINE...



...UP THERE!!



COO! WHAT A  
HEAVY ONE! (NAT)  
DOCTORS'LL BE  
SUSPICIOUS IF  
WE'VE GRABBED  
ONE THAT'S  
TOO ROPE,  
MR.  
THWACKUM!

THAT'S  
WHY I'VE  
PICKED  
WIDOW  
BOSS'S,  
MR.  
PEACH...  
FRESH  
PUT AWAY  
TODAY!



AN' STILL  
WEARIN' ALL  
HER FINE  
JEWELS, MR.  
THWACKUM!

WELL HAVE SCARCE  
USE FOR THOSE ON THE  
SURGEON'S TABLE!



WHAT'S  
THIS?  
MONSTERS!  
GHOULS!!



HE'S DEAD!  
COO, MR.  
THWACKUM!  
WHAT' YE  
WE  
DONE?!

DONE, MR. PEACH? WHY  
WE'VE DOUBLED OUR PROFIT,  
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE!



WELL DONE, GENTLEMEN!  
**TWO** FINE SPECIMENS!  
MEDICAL SCIENCE IS  
ADVANCED AND YOU  
TURN A FINE PROFIT!  
KEEP UP THE GOOD  
WORK!



Encouraged by success, Thwackum and Peach rushed head-long into the resurrection business... And when nature was slow to produce the 'goods'.



...they found it easy to drum up trade.

DRINK UP, M' FELLOW, DRINK UP! ABANDONED YOUR HOME VILLAGE, HAVE YOU?

INKKEEP! MORE ALE!

THA' PLACE! SUMPIN'S QUEER, THER'! ALWAYS DYN'! EVER' NIGHT! LASH RIGHT!... SIX! GETTIN' OUT 'FORE I, DIE! NEVER GOIN' BACK! THASH RIGHT!...

PITY! POOR FELLOW! LET'S DRINK ON THAT, MR. PEACH!

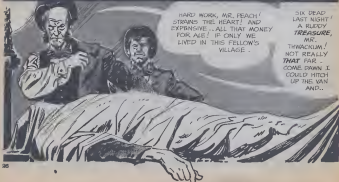
RIGHT YOU ARE! MORE ALE!!

EVER'BODY DIE! SHASH WORK! NEV' GOIN'! DRINK UP! MORE ALE! WHERE WE GOIN, GENTS?

EASY... DOES... IT!

ARRRGHNNK!

STEADY! JUST A LITTLE FURTHER... EASY DOES IT!



HARD WORK, MR. PEACH! STRAINS THE HEART! AND EXPENSIVE... ALL THAT MONEY FOR ALE! IF ONLY WE LIVED IN THIS FELLOW'S VILLAGE.

SIX DEAD LAST NIGHT! A RUDDY TREASURE, MR.

THWACKUM! NOT REALLY THAT FAR - COME DOWN I COULD HITCH UP THE VAN AND...

The next day...

WE'VE MADE  
TOO MUCH HASTE,  
MR. PEACH! IT'S  
STILL DAYLIGHT!

B-BUT LOOK! WINDOWS... DOORS...  
BOLTED AND SHUTTERED TIGHT!  
THEY'RE AFRAID TO COME OUT,  
MR. THWACKUM!

AND THE GRAVEYARD!  
UNWATCHED AND  
UNPROTECTED!

STILL LIGHT!  
DO YOU THINK  
SOMEONE  
FROM THE  
VILLAGE  
MIGHT...  
?

AS YOU SAID... THEY'RE  
AFRAID TO COME OUT!  
IT'S A FIELD DAY,  
MR. PEACH... A  
*FIELD DAY!*

THIS IS THE  
LAST THAT CAN  
FIT! A VAN  
FULL AT 10  
POUNDS A  
HEAD, MR.  
THWACKUM!

A FINE DAY'S WORK, MR. PEACH!

WE'LL EMPTY  
Ryder's PURSE  
WITH THIS LOT!  
SHOULD KEEP  
HIM AND MEDICAL  
SCIENCE BUSY  
FOR SOME  
TIME!

SPECIMENS GALORE  
FOR YOU TONIGHT,  
DR. RYDER! A  
WHOLE VAN  
FULL!

MARVELOUS!  
HOW DID YOU  
MANAGE  
THIS?

IN HERE!  
NO ONE  
CAN SEE  
YOU  
UNLOAD!

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
I MUST  
SEE FOR  
MYSELF!  
HOW DID  
YOU DO  
IT?!!

AN UNFORTUNATE VILLAGE, SIR...  
TRAGIC MISHAPPENINGS...


TUT, TUT,  
MR. PEACH!  
TRADE  
SECRETS!

GOOD LORD! YOU IMBECILES!  
THAT VILLAGE... THOSE  
DEATHS... IT WAS THE  
WORK OF...

VAMPIRES!!


Gets you  
right in the  
neck, eh, CREEPER?  
Just goes to  
prove... there's  
nothing like  
your own YARD,  
no matter how  
GRAVE! Now  
get set to  
UNPERTAKE my  
next bit of fear-  
some fiction....

YAAAAHHHHHHH



HERE'S A TELL-TALEN TO REALLY OPEN THOSE BEADY LITTLE EYES! EVER WISH YOUR DREAMS WOULD COME TRUE? THAT'S NOT SO BAD... BUT WHAT IF YOU ONLY HAVE NIGHTMARES? FRED ASHER HAS THAT PROBLEM... AND IS IN FOR A VERY...

# RUDE AWAKENING!



WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!  
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!!

THIS IS  
INSANE!  
YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS!  
YOU  
CAN'T!!

HOLD HIM!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!

I'M READY NOW! IT'S  
USELESS TO STRUGGLE,  
MR. ASHER!

PLEASE...  
DON'T!!

IT WILL ALL BE OVER QUICKLY!

NO!  
NO!!  
NO!

NO! NO!!  
NO!! -- WHAT?  
W-WHAT  
HAPPENED?

I WAS BRINGING  
IN BREAKFAST, SIR...  
HEARD YOU SCREAMING!  
EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT?

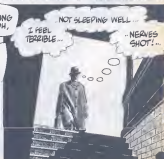
ANOTHER NIGHTMARE,  
SIR? THEY SEEM TO  
BE OCCURRING MORE  
FREQUENTLY!

YES! ALWAYS ENDING  
THE SAME WAY... OH,  
NEVER MIND  
ORDERING THE  
CAR! I'LL WALK  
FOR A WHILE, THEN  
TAKE THE SUBWAY  
IN TO WORK!

I FEEL  
TERRIBLE...

NOT SLEEPING WELL...

...NEARLY  
SHOT!...





FUNNY! TRAINS ARE USUALLY MORE CROWDED THAN THIS... HEY! IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR IS THAT MAN STARING AT ME FROM BEHIND HIS PAPER!

WHAT?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?  
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?  
WHAT'S GOING ON?!

LET GO, YOU FOOLS! HE'S GOT A KNIFE! LET ME GO!!  
DON'T STRUGGLE, FRED! IT'LL ALL BE OVER...

QUICKLY!!

AAAARRGH!!

WHAT ARE YOU?  
SOME KINDA NUT?!

SITTIN' THERE SCREAMIN'!  
MUSTA BEEN DAW DREAMIN'!!

W-WHAT?! I-I DIDN'T REALIZE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME ?  
SO HOT.. CROWDED... GOT TO  
GET AWAY FROM ALL THESE  
PEOPLE ! THAT ALLEYWAY  
OVER THERE ...

THAT'S BETTER ! OUT OF  
THE PRESSING CROWD...  
NEVER NOTICED THIS  
PLACE BEFORE - MIGHT  
AS WELL FOLLOW IT ...

...AND

SEE

WHERE

IT

LEADS ...

WEIRD!!

NOTHING  
BUT SMOOTH  
WALLS, TWISTING  
AND TURNING  
ALONG ...

OH, WELL,  
I'VE GONE  
TOO FAR TO  
TURN BACK  
NOW...

WHAT  
A WAY  
TO  
END...  
WONDER  
WHAT'S  
BEHIND  
THESE  
DO...?

ALL... OVER... FRED!!



**MR. ASHER!** IS SOMETHING  
WRONG? WAS THAT  
**YOU SCREAMING**  
OUT HERE IN  
THE HALL?

IT'S NOTHING...  
**NOTHING!** DON'T  
FEEL WELL... I'LL  
LIE DOWN IN MY  
OFFICE ...

...DREAMS ARE GETTING TO ME...  
GOT TO RELAX...

...CAN'T  
TAKE  
MUCH  
MORE...

**NO!!  
NOT  
AGAIN!!**

**YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME AGAIN!!**

I'M READY,  
MR. ASHER!  
... DON'T  
STRUGGLE!!

**YOU WON'T DO  
IT AGAIN!..**

**NOT  
THIS  
TIME!!**

IT'LL  
ALL BE  
OVER...

GET BACK!!...  
**KEEP AWAY!!**  
NOT AGAIN...  
**NO MORE!!**  
NO M...

**MR. ASHER!!!**  
HAAAAA  
HAAAA

FELL THREE STORIES!  
RIGHT OUT OF THAT  
OFFICE BUILDING!

LOOK!!  
HE'S STILL  
BREATHING!!

MAKE  
WAY!!  
AMBULANCE  
COMING!!

RADIO AHEAD FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY! I  
DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER THIS GUY  
CAN LAST!

MAKE SURE THOSE  
STRAPS ARE TIGHT!  
KEEP'S STRUGGLING  
AGAINST THE PRE-OP  
SEDATIVE WE  
GAVE HIM!...

GOING TO BE A CLOSE  
ONE, DOCTOR! BUT IF HE  
HOLDS UP THROUGH THE  
OPERATION, YOUR  
SURGERY MAY SAVE  
HIM!

I'M READY  
TO START NOW,  
AS SOON AS  
HE STOPS  
FIGHTING THE  
PRE-OP  
SEDATIVE...

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. ASHER...  
DON'T STRUGGLE!!  
IT WILL ALL BE OVER  
QUICKLY!!...

GAAAAA

Too bad about ol' Fred, eh, Kiddies?  
Some days it just  
doesn't pay to get  
out of bed! That ol'  
nightmare was very  
confusing, but at  
least he finally GOT  
THE POINT! Now  
move along, so I  
can STICK you with  
my next terrible tale...



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT  
MY WAR... NOT A WAR  
ABOUT TERRITORIES...  
ARMIES, BATTLE PLANS,  
COUNTER-ATTACKS...  
MAYBE ONCE, THOSE  
THINGS WERE IMPOR-  
TANT, BUT NOT NOW!  
NOT IN MY WORLD! MY WAR  
IS QUITE A SIMPLE ONE...  
JUST ONE LONG WAR FOR

# SURVIVAL



"MAN'S  
BEST FRIEND"  
IS A DOG...  
LOCAL PETS  
MOBILE... TENSE  
BOY SHOULD  
HAVE A DOG...

BUT NOT IN MY WORLD! NOT IN  
THE WASTE SINCE D-DAY PLUS TEN  
--THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST WAR  
OF MANKIND'S SERIES OF WARS!  
NOW, STARVING, EVERY DOG AND  
CREATURE IS PREDATOR OR PREY!



MAN DOESN'T HAVE  
FRIENDS ANYMORE!  
MAN DOESN'T HAVE  
ANYTHING OR  
ANYBODY...  
ANY MORE!  
JUST  
HIMSELF!



WE LEFT THE DOGS  
WHERE THEY LAY...  
TOO WEASELED AND  
CONTAMINATED BY  
RADIATION TO BE  
USED FOR MEAT!

THE SEARCH FOR  
FOOD WAS KEPT  
GOING AND  
CLIMBING MY WAY  
THROUGH DEBRIS  
AND RUBBLE... IN  
DESPERATE HOPES  
OF UNCOVERING A  
TIN CAN... INTACT...  
AND... **FOOD !!!**

DAYS IN, DAYS OUT... SINCE THE LAST  
DINING DAYS OF THAT LAST WAR  
TO END ALL WARS, I'VE SEARCHED  
FOR THOSE PRECIOUS, LIFE-GIVING  
TIN CANS... THEY'RE STILL THERE...  
EVERYWHERE... OUR CIVILIZATION'S  
MOST LASTING CONTRIBUTION TO  
IT'S PERPETUITY... TO MAN... TO ME !!

CANNED FOOD... STILL  
SAFE... STILL GOOD!  
EACH DAY... WITH LUCK,  
I'D FIND ONE, OR TWO,  
AND LIVE... TO LOOK  
AGAIN TOMORROW...

EACH DAY, GOING OUT A  
LITTLE FURTHER... AND  
DIGGING A LITTLE  
DEEPER... HARDER.

THE DOGS... AND MUTANT BEASTS  
ARE ABOUT... BUT ARE DISAPPEARING  
OUT GRADUALLY... THERE ARE  
NO OTHER CREATURES IN MY  
WORLD... NO OTHERS... I'D  
ACCEPTED THIS... YEARS AGO...

BUT ONE DAY, I FOUND THAT EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED... !!!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT  
WAS THERE! IT WAS! LOOK,  
ROUGH MEN, LASHED  
TOGETHER, TO FORM A  
RAFT!...THE WORK OF MEN.  
MEN!!



THEIR FOOTPRINTS...  
SEVERAL SETS OF  
THEM...SHOWED AT  
LEAST THREE MEN,  
PERHAPS MORE...  
HAD LANDED HERE.



I WASN'T ALONE!...



SO I'D SOON LOOK INTO  
ANOTHER MAN'S FACE,  
HEAR HIS VOICE...AND  
THE PRINTS SEEMED  
FRESH...MEANING  
THEY COULDN'T BE  
TOO FAR AWAY...



THEN...DEEP  
DOWN INSIDE  
ME, A NAGGING  
FEAR MADE ME  
SLOW MY PACE  
AND PROCEED  
CAUTIOUSLY!

THAT'S WHEN I  
DISCOVERED  
THE FIRST OF  
THEM...ALONE  
WYOLD CLAMING  
INTO ONE OF MY  
FOOD CACHES!!



MY FOOD!! DAYS, HOURS, OF  
SCRATCHING IN THE RUBBLE  
TILL MY HANDS BLED!...



MY FOOD!!! CAREFULLY SAVED AND STORED,  
BEING STOLEN FROM ME BY THIS THIEVING  
DOG OF A MAN...MY FOOD, IT WAS!!!...



MY FOOD...MY FOOD...MINE!!!



JUST HOW MANY TIMES I STRUCK THE SWINE, I DON'T KNOW... BUT WHEN I STOPPED, HE WAS A THREAT NO MORE...



I STARTED PUTTING THE PREVIOUS THING BACK INTO THE CAGE... BUT SAW THAT HALF MY STOPS WERE GONE!!! THE OTHERS FROM THAT PART THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM... AND FOUND SHELTER NEARBY...



THEN I SAW IT... COLD, METALLIC, AND DEADLY! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN... HADN'T SEEN ONE FOR SO MANY YEARS! THE OTHERS MIGHT HAVE WEAPONS, TOO, I COULDN'T KNOW... BUT THIS ONE WAS MINE, NOW, AND WITH IT...



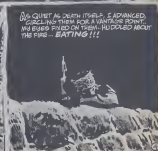
SE KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO! WITH THEM! TIPPING MY FOOD SUPPLY, HOW LONG COULD IT LAST ME? HOW MANY THING WERE LEFT IN RUIN FOR ME TO FIND? HOW WAS I TO SURVIVE, ON PATE'S MEAGER RATIONS... UNLESS I DID SO, ALONE?!!...



NIGHT HAD FALLEN BEFORE I FOUND THEM...



AS QUIET AS DEATH ITSELF, I ADVANCED, CIRCLING THEM FOR A VANTAGE POINT. MY EYES FIED ON THEM... Huddled ABOUT THE FIRE... EATING!!!





EATING MY  
FOOD! MY  
FOOD!!  
SLURPING,  
SLOPPING,  
CHOMPING,  
MY FOOD!  
MY FOOD!  
MINE!!

I WOULDN'T LET THEM!!!

THE WEAPON STOPPED FIRING,  
SUDDENLY... EITHER JAMMED  
OR OUT OF AMMO...! AND THEN,  
I SAW THAT ONE OF THE THREE  
WAS STILL ALIVE...AND TRYING  
TO RISE...

I STOOD UP,  
AND LET GO AT  
THEM WITH MY  
WEAPON...THEY  
WITHERED AND  
FELL, UNDER  
ITS FORCE...

THEY MUST NOT LIVE!...

LONG MOMENTS LATER... I TOOK  
MY SCALD FINGERS FROM HIS  
THROAT... NOT A SOUND... NOW...  
EXCEPT THE CRACKLING OF THE  
FIRE... AND MY GASPS...



BUT... ONE OF THE BOYERS... IT WAS...



I HAD WON! IT WAS ALL MINE,  
NOW... THE FOOD... THIS WORLD  
OF TORMENT... EVERYTHING IN IT  
AND ON IT... MINE !!! EVERY-  
THING I NEEDED... TO LIVE...  
IN THIS NETHER-EXISTENCE...



I UNLID THE TATTERED, BLOODED COAT...



SUDDENLY, THE AIR  
PULSED WITH A TART,  
SHRILL, HORRIBLE CRY  
OF PAIN AND RAGE...

INSTANTLY LING IN PITCH  
AND QUALITY, IT ROSE  
HIGHER INTO THE NIGHT,  
RIPPING, TEARING MY  
HEAD APART! I TRIED  
TO SHUT IT OUT... OUT...

BUT IT WOULDN'T... AND  
COULDN'T STOP IT... FOR  
IN A WHIRL, I REALIZED  
THE TRUTH... AND KNEW  
THAT THE RAVEN SHRILL  
SCREAM... WAS... MINE!

END

## PROLOGUE

I'VE NOT  
FANCIED  
AMUSEMENT  
PARKS FOR  
YEARS, HAVING  
BEEN LOST IN  
A FURACANE  
AT THE AGE OF  
SIX. I'VE  
AVOIDED 'EM  
SINCE !  
UNTIL TODAY!  
HERE...  
JUNE,  
1939...

ON PLEASURE ISLAND,  
OFFSHORE FROM SAN DIEGO  
CALIFORNIA... ACCESSIBLE BY  
THE HAWLAND FERRY EVERY  
QUARTER HOUR !

I'VE Hired CHERRY-  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE !  
BY AGREEMENT TO  
AMUSEMENT PARKS  
WAS OVERCOME BY  
THE SUBSTANTIAL FEE  
I WAS OFFERED BY  
THIS PARK'S OWNER  
TO FIND, UNMASK,  
AND STOP THE...

# PHANTOM OF PLEASURE ISLAND

A MELODRAMATIC BUT FITTING NAME ! IN THREE WEEKS, SEVEN INNOCENT  
PEOPLE HAD BEEN MURDERED... WITHOUT MOTIVE OR PATTERN...!



TODAY, WHILE PATROLLING THE MIDWAY'S FURACANE - CAROUSEL AREA...



...I WITNESSED  
MURDER  
NUMBER EIGHT!

FROM THE  
ARMS OF  
THE WORLD,  
IT WASN'T AT  
ALL HARD TO  
FLY A LINE  
OF SIGHT TO  
THE CORNER  
OF THE  
GARDEN

...THE FUNHOUSE ROOF!

BE' E FOUND MORNING  
IN THE WAY OF EVIDENCE  
UP THERE! EIGHTY PER

...THE  
BOOP  
WATCH!

IT WAS A HORRIBLY  
EUTILE SEARCH!  
I FOUND MY WAY  
OUT AND THE LADY  
UNUSPECTING  
FUNHOUSE...

MR. CHAPIN!  
MY HUSBAND WANTS  
TO SEE YOU IN HIS  
OFFICE... NOW!  
IF YOU'LL COME  
WITH ME...

SO THIS  
IS HOW THE  
PHANTOM  
GARDEN  
UNSEEN!



THE LADY WAS JESSICA MORROW, WIFE OF THE OWNER OF PLEASURE ISLAND, JONATHAN MORROW... A SHORT, TOUGH, OLD MAN WHO DEMANDED OBEDIENCE FROM HIS EMPLOYEES AND HIS WIFE! IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SHE HAD CONCEDED REPEAT AT HIS HANDS YEARS AGO.

JUST WHAT THE HELL AM I PAYING YOU FOR, CHAPIN?

WE GOT AN EIGHTH MURDER ON OUR HANDS!

LOOK, MORROW, I ONLY OCCUPY EIGHTEEN CUBIC FEET ON ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND ACRES OF YOUR LITTLE PLEASURE ISLAND HERE... WHICH LEAVES A MELLOW LOT OF GROUND UNCOVERED!

SAVE YOUR SMART REPERFOR FOR YOUR NEXT CLIENT, SIMON. I'M NOT PAYIN' YOU FOR THAT!

SO FAR, I'VE CONVINCED THE POLICE AND THE CITY NEWSPAPERS TO KEEP MUM! BUT THEY CAN'T MUCH LONGER. IF THIS LEAKS OUT TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC, I'LL HAVE TO SHUT DOWN!

OBVIOUSLY, THAT'S WHAT THIS PHANTOM WANTS! WHO WOULD BENEFIT FROM YOUR CLOSING DOWN?

HAHAHA! I'VE A LOT OF BUSINESS, CHAPIN. I CAN NAME THREE WHO'D LIKE TO SEE ME OUT OF BUSINESS!



"ONE - GORDON SHORT, OPENED A NEW PARK ON THE MAINLAND. THE COMPETITION IS RUPTING BOTH OF US... I HE TRIED TO BUY ME OUT NINE YEARS AGO, BUT I REFUSED."

"TWO - ABEL GERBER, MY EX ASSISTANT MANAGER, WHO I FIRED FOR SWITCHING FROM ME! I DIDN'T YELL 'COF' IN I PREFER TO AVOID BAD PUBLICITY! BESIDES, MY ISLAND'S A WORLD OF ITS OWN! IN IT I HANDLE MY PROBLEMS MY WAY!"

WHO'S THREE?

ME, CHAPIN! SINCE GORDON'S PARK OPENED, MY PARK'S RUN INTO LOTS OF MONEY PROBLEMS! THE INSURANCE THAT I'D COLLECT WOULD HAVE THAN COMPENSATE!



THAT'S WHAT I LIVE! AN HONEST MAN!

FOLLOWING UP ON  
NORWOOD'S LEADS,  
I PERKED OVER TO  
THE MARLAND....!

ARIEL GERBER HAD  
DISAPPEARED WITH  
NO TRACE... AND  
GRAHAM SHORT  
HOSTILE AND BITTER,  
APPEARED TO KNOW  
NOTHING ABOUT  
NORWOOD'S WORK.  
ON PLEASURE ISLAND,  
HE KICKED ME OFF  
WITHIN MINUTES....!



I REALIZED THAT IF ANY-  
THING WAS GOING TO  
BREAK, IT WOULDN'T BE  
HERE, IN SAN DIEGO...SO,  
I RETURNED TO THE ISLAND,  
DEBATING HANDING BACK  
NORWOOD'S ADVANCE FEE  
... AND TELLING HIM WHAT  
HE COULD DO WITH IT...!



I HADN'T KNOWN THAT, AT THAT MOMENT, TWO NEWLYWEDS WERE CELEBRATING LIFE AND ROMANCE IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE...



... OR THAT, MINUTES LATER, THEY WOULD EXERCISE FROM IT... MURDERED!

I LEARNED ABOUT ALL THAT LATER.!

I HAVE A WILD  
HUNCH THAT YOUR  
HUSBAND'S HIDING  
SOMETHING  
FROM ME, MRS.  
NORWOOD!

HE'S HIDING HIMSELF!  
EVER SINCE THIS DAMNED  
PLACE OPENED, IT'S BE-  
COME HIS  
WHOLE LIFE!  
JONATHAN  
NORWOOD  
IS NO MORE!



HE DIED WHEN PLEASURE  
ISLAND WAS BURNED DOWN,  
SOMETHING USING  
HIS NAME  
CONTINUES TO  
SHARE MY BED  
... BUT IT'S NOT  
THE SAME MAN  
I FELL IN LOVE  
WITH, MR.  
CHAMPIN...!





IF FLIGHT IS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT, THEN GERBER WAS GUILTY! HE RAN LIKE HELL, LOSING HIMSELF IN THE CROWDS!



NO! NEXT TRAIN, MISTER!

DON'T! HEY! STOP! WE'RE MOVING!

SOMEHOW, IT ALL SEEMED A BIT TOO EASY, TOO FAST, THAT ABEL GERBER WAS THE PHANTOM OF PLEASURE ISLAND! BUT MY JOB WAS TO INVESTIGATE WHY GERBER AMAY'GO, I RAN RIGHT AFTER HIM - ALL THE WAY!



I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THE CROWDS, ONE BY ONE, WHEN...



DAMN! A TUNNEL!

AS WE EMERGED  
INTO DAYLIGHT  
ONCE MORE... I FOUND GERBER...

DEAD!

HHMM... A <sup>42</sup> MURKIN!  
LOOKS LIKE  
GERBER CAME  
HERE TO KILL!

BUT THE  
PHANTOM  
KOT HIM,  
FIRST!

WELL, THAT ELIMINATED ONE SUSPECT FROM MY LIST...

...BUT, SEEING THE OWNER OF THE SCENE WAS QUITE A SURPRISE!

GRAHAM  
SHORT!

IS THAT HOW  
JONATHAN  
NORWOOD  
RUNS HIS AMUSEMENT  
PARK, CHAMP?

SOMEONE WANTS  
NORWOOD OUT OF  
BUSINESS, SHORT!  
SEEMS YOU'D FALL  
INTO THAT CATEGORY!

HOT ANYMORE, GAMPIN!  
I CAME HERE TODAY TO  
SELL OUT TO NORWOOD!  
THERE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH  
BUSINESS FOR TWO  
COMPETING PARKS!

THEN WHY  
THE TRAIN  
RIDE?

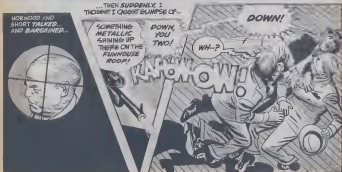
WHY  
NOT?

I'VE BEEN IN THE AMUSEMENT  
BUSINESS ALL MY LIFE! IT'S  
PART OF ME! I NEVER  
COULD RESIST  
A TRAIN RIDE!

FOR THE SAME OF  
PRECAUTION, I'LL  
PERSONALLY ESCORT  
YOU TO NORWOOD'S  
OFFICE....!

NO NEED!  
HERE HE  
COMES  
NOW!









DAWN OF A JUNE MORNING  
IN 1926, IN THE HILLS  
HIGH ABOVE HOLLYWOOD.

THE LONELY RESIDENT OF  
THIS SECLUDED PRIVATE  
ESTATE LEAVES FOR A DAY  
OF WORK IN HIS GRAND  
CHAUFFEUR'D LIMO.

A  
~~UNREEL~~

ALEX  
TOTH



6:27 AM

HHMM... JUST LIKE  
EVERY OTHER  
MORNING!

THE  
CHECK!



'BABA' BOONE

NEVER  
A WORD FOR  
'PEASANTS'  
LIKE US!  
HMM!

BUT HE'S  
A PRO ALWAYS  
ON TIME AND  
READY, LIKE  
CLOCKWORK!  
HE'S OKAY!

SLAM!!

8:15 AM

WANTED ON THE  
SET, MR. BOONE!



'BABA' BOONE

ZOK  
ZOK  
ZOK

8:20 AM

AAHH, MR.  
BOONE--!

WE'RE SET UP  
FOR THE CHASE  
SCENE TODAY

READY WHEN  
YOU ARE, SIR!

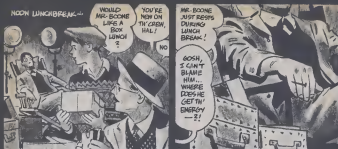
CAMERAS WERE FOLLOWING AT 8:30 AM ON BABA BOONE'S FIRST SCENE.





AND SO IT WENT ALL MORNING, ON 'LOCATIONS' ALL OVER THE CITY!





AT 1:05 PM, "BABA" BOONE WAS BACK AT WORK ON THE LONG, TIRING CHASE SEQUENCE ...



AT 7:00 SHARP, MR. 'BABA' BOONE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME.

ARRIVING AT 7:30, HE MADE STRAIGHT FOR HIS BEDROOM UPSTAIRS.



HOUSE LIGHTS DIMMED AS A HUGE SURGE OF POWER RAN THROUGH THE LINES, AND WAS NOTED BY 'BABA' BOONE'S PRIVATE CHAUFFEUR AS HE CHANGED CLOTHES.



'MR. BOONE' WAS ALWAYS RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, NEVER NEEDED REMINDING. THAT'S WHY HIS SUPERIORS WERE ACCELERATING NEW PRODUCTION ... AND WERE FUSSED!



HIS CHAUFFEUR'S GUESS WAS 'COVER' FOR HIS TRUE ROLE OF 'MONITOR' AND PROJECT-ENGINEER' ON THIS 'B-ZAPPE' TEST CASE ... OF CREATING A TOP SILENT-SURPRISE STAR!



AN ELECTROMAGNETIC 'ANDROBOT'; THE PERFECT MAN — SERVICE, CAPABLE OF GREAT PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STRENGTH AND DEXTERITY ... WITH ALL THE TIMING-SENSE, SKILL, AND TALENT REQUIRED TO DO THE JOB FOR WHICH HE'D BEEN PROGRAMMED AT 'BIRTH', THREE YEARS AGO ... TO BE 'BABA' BOONE! THE NIGHTLY RECHARGING IS SELF-ADMINISTERED ... 'BABA' WOULD BE IN TOP PEAK FORM BY 5:00 AM!



THE CHAUFFEUR MUSED ABOUT THE FUTURE — SAY 1976 — FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW — AND THE PLANS TO HAVE ANDROBOTS PUT INTO POSITIONS IN HIGH FINANCE, BIG BUSINESS, BANKING, GOVERNMENT, THE WORLD OVER! BY '76, HE WONDERED, WOULD HE ELECT AN ANDROBOT ... PRESIDENT? HIM — COULD BE!

... RECHARGING



**IT'S HERE! IT'S NOW! IT'S DIFFERENT!**  
**THE LATEST, GREATEST, MOST EXCITING**  
**COMICS MAGAZINE**  
**EVER!**



**THE NEW**  
**GENERATION OF**  
**SUPER-HEROES IS HERE IN A**  
**GREAT NEW WARREN MAGAZINE**  
**WITH A FREE COLOR COMIC BOOK INSIDE!**  
**AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!**